

October 31, 1917

reproduced

# THE WAR

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NOVEMBER 7, 1917.

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## "THE UNSOLDIERLIKE SUB." A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

THERE has come to hand, within the last fortnight, a letter from a Captain with the B.E.F., which is well worth reprinting in its entirety here, both in view of its distinctive difference from the majority of "letters from the Front" and of what has been lately published regarding the remarkable extent to which "Pelmanism" is being adopted by officers of his Majesty's Army and Navy.

Here is the letter in question:

"I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

As an isolated letter the foregoing might fail to carry much weight. But when it is taken as typical of some hundreds of similar letters from Army and Navy officers, then, indeed, one is forced to concede that there must be "something in Pelmanism."

More than forty Generals and Admirals and well over 300 naval and regimental commanders—to say nothing of 4000 other officers and a multitude of N.C.O.s and men—have adopted Pelmanism since the outbreak of war and every day brings reports from them as to substantial benefits derived.

Let us take a few examples. A Naval Captain reports promotion to the command of a fine cruiser—thanks to his Pelman training. A Lieutenant-Colonel reports "a step in rank" within two months of starting the Course. A Major writes attributing his majority and his D.S.O. to the same agency. A General and a Rear-Admiral also write giving testimony which it is, at present, inadvisable to publish. There is not a rank or unit of either Service which has not supplied convincing evidence of the fact that Pelmanism is truly the short road to progress.

Many officers find that, in addition to assisting them to greater military efficiency, the Pelman Course serves other desirable ends. For example:

The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. "Success," too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary.

Such letters render comment superfluous.

The evidence produced by the Pelman Institute is amply sufficient to sweep away the last vestige of doubt, it forces one irresistibly to the conclusion—and it is the right conclusion—that, as "TRUTH" says, "The Pelman Institute places the means of progress within the reach of everyone."

The amazing fact is that, however sweeping this statement may appear, it is literally true! There is no case upon record in which the conscientious student of "Pelmanism" has failed to reach the coveted goal—whether that goal be promotion, financial betterment, social or professional advancement, or aught else.

### "Pelmanism" in the Services

The extent to which "Pelmanism" has been adopted by both Services is wonderful when one considers the disabilities under which "the little grey books" are being studied at the Front and in the Fleet. At the present time there are nearly 10,000 officers and men following the Pelman Course, including:

- 37 Generals.
- 6 Admirals.
- 81 Naval Captains and Commanders.
- 144 Colonels.
- Over 4000 other Officers.

From these *voluntary* reports are received daily, recording promotion and other benefits due to "Pelmanism."

As to other results, the difficulty is to select the most representative ones. Here is a random selection which could be multiplied a thousandfold from the Institute's records:

- Promotion to Colonelcy.
- Placed my practice on a satisfactory basis (Doctor).
- Rise of £145 per annum.
- Doubled my turnover.
- Naval Promotion (Captain).
- Salary improved 300 per cent.
- Literary prize of £250.
- My income has gone up 300 per cent.
- Substantial increase in my salary.
- Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
- Secured a Staff appointment.
- My turnover has beaten all records.
- Salary exactly doubled.
- Added £80 to my Commission Account.
- Salary increased, also a 10 per cent. bonus.
- My salary has been increased by 60 per cent.
- The means of making my income double.
- Greatest increase in business.

Thus, in every direction—financial, professional, social, and educational—the Pelman System is daily helping thousands of men and women of every trade, profession, and occupation to attain success.

And what is the cost? A half-hour or so devoted each evening for a few weeks to a most fascinating course of study; not study in the humdrum sense of the word, but a real mental recreation. Most students of the Pelman Course openly express regret when the lessons have terminated: so deeply interesting do they find them.

From business and professional women eulogistic letters are received by the thousand, and the majority of them express themselves in terms of enthusiasm. Many of them actually reproach the Pelman Institute for understating the value of the Course. For instance, a Solicitor writes:

"I used to think that the claims made for 'Pelmanism' must be fantastic; now I consider them to be under-statements of the truth."

It is useful to bear in mind this comment (typical of many) when one is tempted to think that the announcements made by the Institute are in any degree exaggerated. As a matter of sober fact, every statement made here or elsewhere by the Pelman Institute can be handsomely justified by a reference to the records of the Institute.

A Student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants." Even as a purely social and intellectual factor, Pelmanism well repays the few hours required for its study; and over one hundred titled people have enrolled for it within the last few weeks (from ducal rank downwards).

### Should it be Nationalized?

Many prominent people—including a Member of the House of Lords and many other men and women—are insisting that the Pelman Institute should be taken over by the Government, so that the whole nation may receive the benefits of "Pelmanism." Many present students of the course support this view.

In the meantime the Directors of the Institute have temporarily arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable readers of "The Illustrated War News" to secure the complete Course with a minimum outlay.

To get the benefit of this liberal offer, application should be made at once by postcard or by letter to the address below.

### Write To-Day

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special Report on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how to secure the Course for one-third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all readers who send to the Pelman Institute, 114, Wenham House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C. 1.



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Smaller ships, craft, nil. Some tonnage question that our monthly what it was in marine warfare. theatres of war, if scanty, is always a tale of progress. In East Africa the enemy is hard pressed, and is still retreating in the Mahenge area. The Kilwa force presses him rapidly southward, and in the Lindi region he gets no rest. In Mesopotamia, on Oct. 18, 19, and 20, successful operations were carried out at Kizil Robat, seventy miles. Ships enveloped the Diala. Prisoners and ammunition were huge efforts to



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NDON: OCT. 27, 1917.

# The Illustrated War News



THE RUINS OF ARRAS CATHEDRAL: THE INTERIOR AND WRECKED FAÇADE.

*French Official Photograph.*



## THE GREAT WAR.

ITALY'S BOLD FRONT TO ADVERSITY—ALLIED HELP PROMISED—HAIG'S HAMMER—AIR-  
WARFARE ON GERMAN TOWNS—THE FRENCH FRONT—AMERICA'S FIRST SHOT.

ITALY has commanded the attention and sympathy of the Allies in her misfortune. About the seriousness of the Austro-German thrust there could be no doubt from the very first, and later news only confirmed the general expectation. The enemy had struck a shrewd blow in every respect. The Austrians had been reinforced by German troops drawn from other areas; the massed attacks were delivered with the utmost determination at a vulnerable point, and

and the enemy's advance was being successfully arrested. With the descent into the plain the Italian cavalry had come into action, and was in close touch with the enemy's advance guards. The Central Powers will not have it all their own way in the lowlands, where the Italians have a better chance. And the enemy has not many routes—perhaps two passes at most—by which he can descend into Venetia. His problem of communications becomes more difficult with



HOME AS THE HUNS LEAVE IT! FRENCH WOMEN RETURN TO FIND THEIR HOUSE A FEW SCATTERED BRICKS.

Official Photograph.

Italy had been caught at a moment of political crisis. The enemy had even attempted peace propaganda in the very midst of the attack, but that does not seem to have helped him much. From the outset, the Italians at home and in the field would give no sign of faint-heartedness. They faced the situation resolutely. Retreat there must be, and much hard-won ground had to be given up. The disappointment must have been very bitter, but from the beginning of the setback General Cadorna showed a bold front. As the hard days went on he spoke of orderly retreat, and of gallant fighting to cover the retirement. Udine, the headquarters, was lost on Oct. 30, but by that time the Italians were establishing themselves on the Tagliamento line

every mile of advance, for on the Cis-Alpine side he can depend upon little or no military transport. That is the more hopeful side of the picture. It is no use, however, to deny that Italy has had an awkward blow. The German claim of 180,000 prisoners and 1500 guns may be exaggerated, but the losses are undoubtedly severe, and the Entente Powers have to face the facts. The most reassuring feature of the situation was the prompt announcement that help would be sent at once. Italy received the promise with unfeigned gratitude and with renewed assurances of an iron national will. She pledged herself to "victory or death." And even at the height of the misfortune the political horizon began to clear. There could be no better proof of the steadiness of the people.

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On the 30th King Victor asked Signor Orlando to form a Cabinet, and the same day the new Prime Minister had made good progress with his task. Parliament, it seemed, was ready to put aside dissensions, in face of the national danger. The country was resolved that the fate of Serbia and Rumania should not be hers. The enemy's customary late autumn foray might have been successful in its first rush. But the tide could be stemmed. Italy was very far from the last ditch. She had her army intact as a fighting force, still orderly, still capable of the offensive, when new dispositions should be completed. During the retreat the Italians had put as many obstacles as possible in the way of the enemy. Stores were destroyed, and the bridges over the Isonzo blown up. Nowhere did the retreat become a rout. The British artillerymen, who have served for many months with our Allies, suffered many discomforts of the retreat, but saved their guns. By Nov. 1 the whole of the Italian Army had been safely withdrawn, and General Cadorna telegraphed to Signor Orlando, "Let the country have confidence that the Army will be worthy of its determination to hold our flag in high honour and to avenge the cry of pain issuing from our sacred soil which has been trodden underfoot." That is the voice of free Italy. A few months ago in these columns we quoted some famous lines of Petrarch, germane to the

But the period of Italian reverse was one of fruitful progress on the British front. Sir Douglas Haig never ceased to hammer at the Paschendaele Ridge, and he brought off two successful forward thrusts. The first of these was sustained by home troops on Bellevue Spur; in the second, which



WAITING FOR A BATHING-PARADE WHERE A CHURCH ONCE STOOD: MEN OF A SUFFOLK REGIMENT.—[Official Photograph.]

was made on Oct. 30, the Canadians again added to their laurels. The operation was carried out with limited objectives between the Ypres-Roulers railway and the Poelcapelle-Westroosebeck road. The attack was delivered over marshy ground, and the weather, as usual, did nothing to lighten the task of our troops. Communication was difficult, and the going again abominable. But the Canadians pushed through, gained their main objectives, and reached the outskirts of Paschendaele. West of the village they had to deal with five heavy counter-attacks, but these they beat off and turned captured machine-guns upon the enemy. On the left, over ground intersected with streams in flood, Naval and London Territorial battalions made good, capturing fortified positions. The previous night Gloucester battalions performed useful raiding work south-east of Gavrelle. The enemy admitted that Paschendaele was lost, but claimed that he drove the British out again. Sir Douglas Haig did not claim to have won more than the outskirts of the village. The counter-attacks were west of the village—a significant point. Next day the enemy shelled our new positions, but attempted no fresh counter-attack. Our line was further improved near the Ypres-Staden railway. On Nov. 1 there was only a hostile cannonade east and north-east of Ypres. An enemy



CLEANING THEIR RIFLES IN A RUINED VILLAGE: MEN OF THE DORSETS. Official Photograph.

occasion. It is interesting to note that they were alluded to once more on Nov. 1 by an Italian editor in a fraternal message to the British nation. Anxiety for Italy and interest in her affairs rather overshadowed the news from Flanders.



concentration near Paschendaele was detected, and came to grief under our fire. By this time the Canadians were fairly established in their gains of the 30th, and had not been seriously molested.

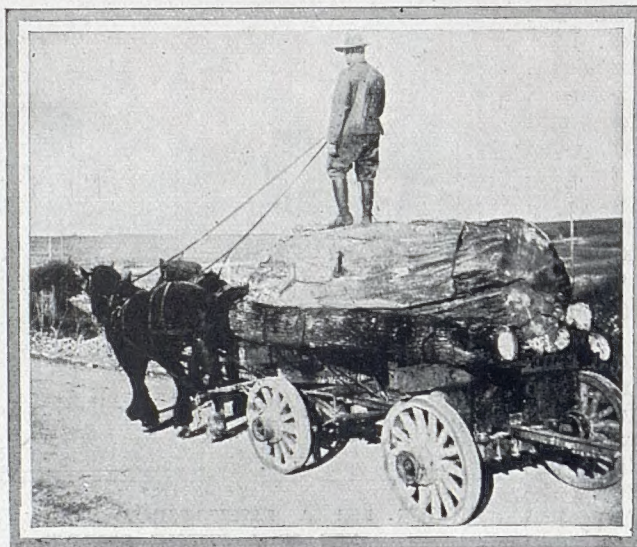
Our aviators have kept up a regular succession of raids on posts and depôts behind the enemy's lines. The Royal Naval Air Service had a full programme on the Gotha aerodromes at St. Denis Westrem, and on railway junctions south-east and south-west of Thourout, and in the Bruges district. Saarbruck was again visited by the R.F.C., and the railways got a stiff dose; also gas-works and a munition-factory at Pirmaeens. Billets at Roulers had two courses of treatment on the 29th, and received over a hundred bombs. On the 30th our men bombed Roulers and Ingelmunster Stations soundly. The steel-works and station at Volklieden, a mile or two west of Saarbruck, were severely handled. At the same time French aviators were equally active.

Return compliments to the London front were attempted by the enemy on the nights of Oct. 29-30

made by seven relays of aeroplanes, and thirty machines were said to be engaged. Only three machines got as far as the London area. The casualties and damage were light.

While the detached French have been keeping their end up briskly near the coast, their main front has been comparatively quiescent. General Pétain, by causing the German retreat, added a great advantage to his stroke on the Chemin des Dames. Another noteworthy incident has been a bombardment and attack in the Verdun area. The sector concerned was that of Bois le Chaume-Bézonvaux. In the air, however, our Allies have been as busy as ourselves.

The firing of the first American shot in the war fell to a detachment of the United States Artillery on the French front—presumably on Oct. 27. Great progress has been made by the Americans now training in France, and certain units are so far advanced that they were sent to finish their preparation in the actual firing line side by side with seasoned French troops. These contingents are to form the nucleus of training



ON A ROAD NEAR THE FRONT: AN AMERICAN LUMBER-MAN.  
Official Photograph.



AN HOURLY SCENE OF MOVEMENT BY DAY AND BY NIGHT: ON A ROAD NEAR THE FRONT.  
Official Photograph.

and Oct. 30-Nov. 1. On the former occasion the south-eastern counties were attacked, but no enemy machine penetrated the outer defences. The second attack under the Hunter's Moon was

battalions, which will take over the instruction of fresh drafts as they arrive in France. The men were said to be adapting themselves admirably to the life of the trenches.

LONDON: NOV. 3, 1917.



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## The french Sportsman who "Bagged" a Zeppelin.



### THE MAN WHO PREVENTED THE DESTRUCTION OF "L 49" BY HER COMMANDER: M. JULES BOITEUX.

M. Jules Boiteux, of Serqueux, near Bourbonne-les-Bains, a metallurgical worker recently returned from the front, was the means of saving intact the Zeppelin ("L 49") driven down by French airmen at that place on October 20 after the raid on England. His admirable promptitude was commended by General Castelnau and M. Dumesnil, Under-Secretary for Aeronautics. M. Boiteux was out shooting, when

the Zeppelin descended near him and nineteen men jumped out. "The commander," he said, "fired his pistol into the envelope. Realising that he intended to set it on fire, and determined to prevent this at all costs, I loaded my sporting gun and shouted, 'Stop, or I fire!' The commander threw down his pistol and held up his arms, crying, 'Kamerad! Kamerad!'" —[Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.]





## On the Western front: With the American Engineers.



### ON BATTLE-FRONT RAILWAY-CONSTRUCTION: UNLOADING COAL FOR A CAMP; TYPES OF THE MEN.

The Engineer branch of the United States Army has had, at all times, a reputation for expert ability and executive skill second to none. In peace time they are always at work, tackling stiff jobs of one kind or another in State service somewhere in America; and their keenness and their up-to-date methods are hard to beat. Also, during the past twenty years or so, they have had considerable war-experience of the

most practical and exacting sort, on campaign in Cuba and the Philippines. They come to the Western Front well up to their tasks, and with their ranks brought up to war strength with volunteers and enrolled men, drawn from the American engineering profession at large, and trained in engineering work of all kinds. The lower illustration shows the sturdy physique of the rank and file of the corps.—[Official Photos.]



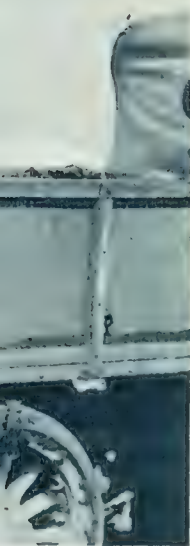
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Nov. 7, 1917

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Nov. 7, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 74  
New Series]—7

## On the Western front: With the American Engineers.



### ON BATTLE-FRONT RAILWAY-WORK: TRACK-MAKING THE ENGINEER-COMMANDANT AND STAFF.

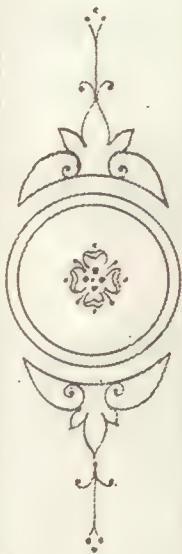
One of the most pressing needs of the hour on certain sections of the Western Front is the extension and multiplication of the field railways. More and more railways have to be built as the course of events shapes and, reshapes itself, and fresh track-laying has to be taken in hand somewhere or other in several places practically daily. To that task the American Engineer Corps at the front in France and Flanders is

turning itself with all its energies, and with the most satisfactory results. It is work of a kind at which both men and officers are adepts from railway-laying experience in the States, and field-work in the Cuban and Philippine campaigns, for which some of the officers wear medals. In the lower illustration the American General and his Chief of Staff are shown wearing medal ribbons.—[Official Photographs.]





## Delivered at Last from German Shell-fire Ypres—a M



THE BURNING OF THE CLOTH HALL AT YPRES, FIRED BY GERMAN SHELLS: THE

The recent victorious British advances in Flanders have at last placed Ypres practically beyond the range of German guns. Writing a short time previously, Mr. Perry Robinson says: "We visited poor Ypres, which grows more battered and sadder in its beauty every day—literally every day, for there is never a day when the German does not shell its ruins, and there

DESTRUCTION OF A BE

has not been one for some time. The Cloth Hall and Cathedral, which goes back further than



German Shell-fire Ypres—a Memory of its Earlier Agonies.



BY GERMAN SHELLS: THE  
range of German guns.  
more battered and sadder  
shell its ruins, and there

DESTRUCTION OF A BEAUTIFUL CITY NOW LIBERATED BY OUR TROOPS, BUT IN RUINS.

has not been one for some nine hundred days or so. . . . Rarely have I seen a more beautiful sight than the jagged ruins of the Cloth Hall and Cathedral were to-day. . . . And as I write the Germans are shelling the place again." Our illustration, which goes back further in the tragedy, is one of a number of war drawings on exhibition in Paris.—[French Official Photograph.]



The Bersaglieri—Italy's Most famous Hard fighters.



ON THE BATTLEFIELD: BERSAGLIERI CHARGING IN AN ATTACK; FIRING BY COMPANIES ADVANCING.

The Bersaglieri are by reputation the "crack" regiments of the Italian infantry. They represent the "light infantry sharpshooters" of King Victor's military establishment, and may be said to correspond as an organisation to our own Rifle Brigade and King's Royal Rifle Corps, and to the Chasseurs à Pied of the French Army, and the German Jäger battalions. As hard fighters the Bersaglieri have traditions of

valour that go back to the first battles of the former Sardinian armies which won the Independence of Italy. The brilliant feats they have accomplished on the battlefield wherever they fought is the pride of all Italy. In the present war the Bersaglieri regiments have, over and over again, alike in attack and defence, covered themselves with glory, as the phrase goes.—[Official Photographs.]



ON SERV

The Bersaglieri divisions, being emergencies. They have to come carry out all mo fast, with a view



# Italian Bersaglieri and Carabinieri with Our Troops.



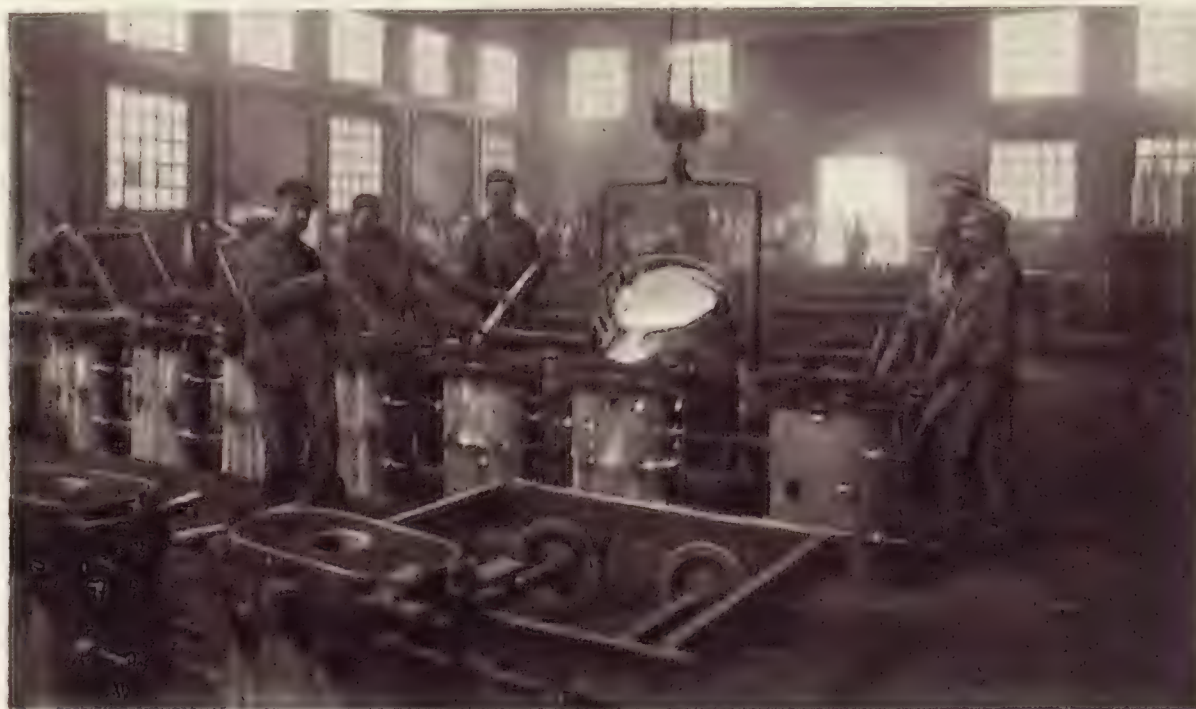
## ON SERVICE IN EGYPT: IN CAMP—DRAWING WATER; MACHINE-GUN TRAINING IN THE DESERT.

The Bersaglieri regiments for war are distributed among the infantry divisions, being attached mostly for duty as special service units in emergencies. They are the pick of the recruits in each year's class, having to come up to a special standard in physique. At drill they carry out all movements at the double, and are trained to march far and fast, with a view to their being used to support cavalry reconnaissances

in force. The plume of cock's feathers worn in their hats is the well-known Bersaglieri badge. The cocked-hatted Carabinieri, some of whom are seen in the upper illustration, are military police, organised by battalions, and trained for fighting, but ordinarily told off to guard headquarters, camps, and the lines of communication. The Italians are as indefatigable as they are brave in action.—[Official Photographs.]



## Belgians Making Munitions for Their Army.



### WORK IN BELGIAN MUNITION-FACORIES: LEAD MANUFACTURE; MOLTEN METAL FOR SHELLS.

Not only have the Belgians reorganised and re-equipped their army, which has long been holding part of the Western Front, and has taken a brilliant share, alongside French troops, in the recent battles in Flanders: they are also making every effort in the work behind the front which supplies the military force with the necessary material. How important an ample supply

of munitions is to the Belgian Army, as, indeed, to all armies, may be gathered from a recent article by the well-known Belgian author, M. Emile Cammaerts, written after a visit to the front. "Even in the sector of the floods," he writes, "the front held by the Belgian Army has never ceased to be lively. . . . The artillery duel has never stopped for more than a few days, and there

(Continued opposite.)



WORK  
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## Belgium's Effort in Munition-Making.



WORK IN BELGIAN MUNITION-FACTORIES: POURING MOLTEN STEEL FOR MAKING SHELL-CASES.

*Continued*

is not one night when some bombing expedition or some advance-post raid does not take place. Those who would go to the Belgian front with the preconceived idea that nothing happens in that quarter, might be sorely disillusioned. . . . On my way back to the boat, I met a Belgian officer on leave, to whom I expressed my admiration for the transformation which had occurred during these last years, and how

happy I felt to see the Belgian Army re-equipped and stronger in men and material than it had ever been before. 'Yes,' he answered: 'We have worked a good deal, but there is something much more amazing than these physical improvements; it is the fact that the men, after so many months of patient waiting, have kept up their spirits.'—[Belgian Official Photographs.]

### FOR SHELLS.

indeed, to all armies, the well-known Belgian for a visit to the front. writes, "the front held be lively. . . . The in a few days, and there . . . (Continued opposite.)



## ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXIV.—THE ROYAL FUSILIERS.

## GOOSEBERRY-PUDDING AND PUNISHMENT.

SOME time in the easy days that fell between the close of the Napoleonic Wars and the Crimea, the 7th (the Royal Fusiliers, now the City of London Regiment) was billeted at Islington in order to be out of the way during a Parliamentary election. While there, a detachment of two hundred men got the route for Chester, and were well pleased at the prospect of a march through the pleasantest counties of England at the best season of the year. But, in the inscrutable wisdom of the War Office, it was suddenly ordained

sparks of subalterns fell overboard, and one had a narrow shave of drowning.

At length they got as far as Nantwich, whence they were to march to Liverpool. They arrived early, and the Captain in command (the Major having preferred a coach to the canal-boat) did not intend to take the road until the following morning. He and his brother-officers, all young, saw to the quartering of the men, and then looked about them for an evening's amusement, imagining that the Major was by this time safe in barracks



ILLUSTRATING THE RISK TAKEN BY THE BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS: THE RESULT OF GUN-FIRE ON ENEMY CONCRETE BLOCKHOUSES.

Incidentally, this photograph gives an excellent idea of the risks taken daily by the British Official Photographers, as, when it was made, the big blockhouse in the distance (to the left of the centre) was still in enemy hands. It will be noted that the blockhouse in the foreground has not been smashed entirely; but Fritz, hurried by our bayonet-men, decided to quit nevertheless.—[Official Photograph.]

that the party should go by an unusual means of transport—nothing else than canal-boat. The officers were a little disappointed, but they took the affair as a lark, marched to Paddington, and embarked in high spirits. The procession was not exactly military, but it kept some semblance of the usual order. In the first barge went a *depôt* band, which played the Fusiliers cheerfully along the waterways, and the troops found various means to beguile the long and tedious voyage. Very often they were allowed to get out and walk on the towpath. The officers' boat was made luxurious with trusses of straw, and had a tarpaulin rigged overhead to keep off the sun. Summer was at its best, and all ranks enjoyed a great deal of *dolce far niente*. They had also at least one adventure. One day three gay young

at Chester. They accordingly went to the Red Lion at Nantwich and ordered the best dinner the house could provide, insisting on a gooseberry-pudding as the *pièce-de-résistance*, for it was the height of the gooseberry season.

The earlier part of the meal went well, and then came the pudding—a veritable triumph. It was all they had dreamed, and a first helping set them wondering what Peninsular heroes would not have given for such a dish on the banks of the Zadora. Never had there been such a pudding. A second helping was clearly "indicated," as the physicians say, and to that the party was proceeding with a will when the door opened and in rushed their young Adjutant, kept hitherto from the feast by urgent duties. He was expected to sit down and fall to, but instead he shouted—

[Continued overleaf.]



fore

## OUR FIR

The "Warrior" screw "frigate" A sister-ship, "Warrior," seen in the foreground as seen, were



Nov. 7, 1917

## forerunners of the Grand fleet: War-Ships of All Ages.—XIII.



### OUR FIRST ARMOURED SEAGOING WAR-SHIP: THE SCREW IRONCLAD "FRIGATE," THE "WARRIOR."

The "Warrior" was our first seagoing armoured war-ship, an ironclad screw "frigate," as she was at first officially styled, launched in 1860. A sister-ship, the "Black Prince," was laid down shortly after the "Warrior," and launched in the following year. The "Warrior" is seen in the foreground, and the "Black Prince" further off. Both, as seen, were fully masted and ship-rigged vessels, and both had the

then orthodox sailing man-of-war pattern of bows, although at the cut-water the fore-part of each below was formed as a ram. The armour formed a "belt" over great part of the ship's side, and was of iron,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. France had already built the first ironclad afloat; the "Gloire," and the "Warrior" and "Black Prince" were England's answer.

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[Continued overleaf.]



"By Job, the Major's here! We march at once—he's sent me to bid the officers summon the men."

A roar of derision greeted the words.

"All nonsense and humbug! Sit down, Mr. Adjutant, and none of your sells."



WITH ENGINEERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: CONSTRUCTING A FIELD-OVEN IN CAMP.

Official Photograph.

"On my word," he replied, with a long face, "it's true."

He hurried out, and his comrades—too old sparrows to be caught with chaff—fell once more upon the delicious pudding. No silly, hoaxing Adjutant should play it off on them.

But now in came a sergeant, with positive orders to attend the C.O. immediately. Fearing the worst, the majority of the party reluctantly got up and departed; but three stout spirits, still persuaded that the affair was a hoax, resolved to see their blessed pudding out. Just as the last morsel had disappeared, the Adjutant returned, and in severe tones told the three young scapegraces that they were either to leave the hotel or consider themselves under arrest. Not yet quite persuaded that they were not being victimised, they rose. There could be no great object in further refusal, for the gooseberry-pudding was now only a happy memory.

The Major was in Nantwich, sure enough. He wigged all three, telling the two elder subs. that he would recommend their immediate attachment to regimental headquarters for neglect of duty on the line of march. The youngest he condemned to take a detachment of eight men and a sergeant

to Liverpool, there to remain until the C.O. thought proper to relieve him. The culprits left the presence, feeling that the joy had gone out of life, that they were broken men, and that gooseberry-pudding was a delusion and a snare.

The punishments, however, did not prove excessive. In the case of the two elder rebels, nothing was done. It was believed that the Commander-in-Chief had himself a weakness for gooseberry-pudding, and that he secretly sympathised with the reason for the insubordination. All the culprits, in greater or less degree, enjoyed a score off their martinet of a Major. The mere youngster, the worst offender, came out of it with flying colours. He felt at first very dull at the prospect of being sent, as he said, "to vegetate among a set of heathen merchants," but all was for the best.

In Liverpool he had next to no duty. Part of his little command was constantly away, looking after deserters to and from Ireland; and, beyond an occasional church parade, he had his time pretty well at his own disposal.

Being very well connected, he had endless invitations from the county families; he never let it be known that he was under official displeasure, and he found that the bearskin cap of the Fusiliers was not without charms



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE BRITISH FRONT-LINE TRENCHES: GERMAN TRENCHES OUTSIDE POELCAPELLE AFTER OUR BOMBARDMENT.

Official Photograph.

for the fair. The Major could not have done him a better turn. He spent a glorious three months, devoutly grateful to the gooseberry-pudding, of which dish he became the life-long slave.



On the

#### MANIPURIS

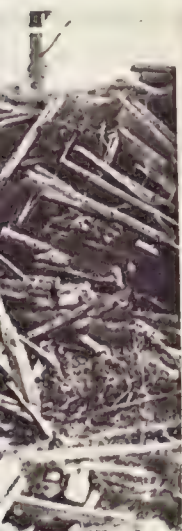
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## On the Western front: Indian Non-Combatants in France.



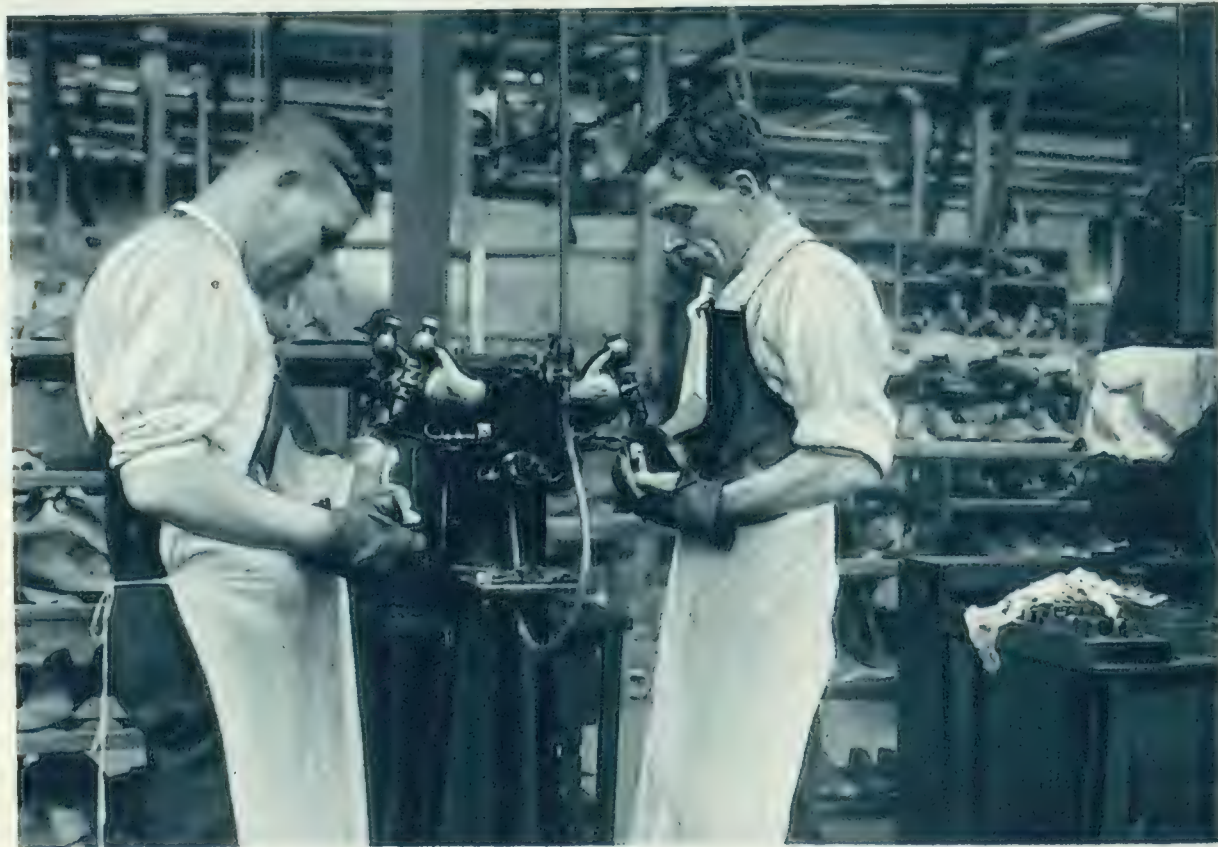
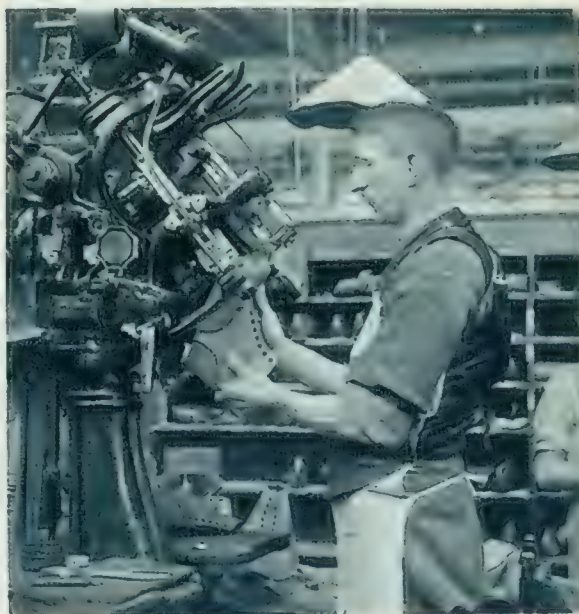
MANIPURIS FROM THE BURMAH BORDER ASSISTING BEHIND THE LINES: EXPLORING A MOTOR-CAR.

In addition to the Indian troops on various fronts all over the war-area, a number of non-military natives of India are doing excellent work everywhere behind the lines. In France, there are, for instance, some Manipuris, from the country to the south-east of Assam, towards the western border of Burmah. They are racially, in some degree, akin to the French Indo-Chinese colonial natives from Tonquin, Siam, and Annam,

large numbers of whom have been in France for the past two years, and have proved hardworking and handy workmen in munition-factories, and as camp and hut constructors. Manipur has a population of a quarter of a million, and is a semi-independent State with a British Resident. It came into prominence some years ago owing to internal political trouble. Polo traditionally originated there.—[Official Photo.]



## Government Pattern "War Boots" for Everybody.



### AT A GOVERNMENT-CONTROLLED FACTORY: "LASTING" BOOTS; CUTTING SOLES; FINISHING.

In consequence of the shortage of leather for the boots and shoes of the civilian population, and the excessive prices charged in many of the shops, the Government have taken the matter in hand, and taken over control of factories with a view to regulating prices where practicable, and providing a serviceable article at reasonable prices. It is the same everywhere in regard to the shortage of boot-leather, in consequence of

Army requirements—but infinitely worse in enemy countries than among the Allies. As extracts from German papers published in the London Press have recorded—brown paper and shoddy made of rags, "doctored" in various ways, is used for boot-uppers in Germany, also, very widely, wood for the soles. Our Government boots are, at any rate, leather.—[Photos. by Illustrations Bureau.]

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## Government Pattern "War Boots" for Everybody.



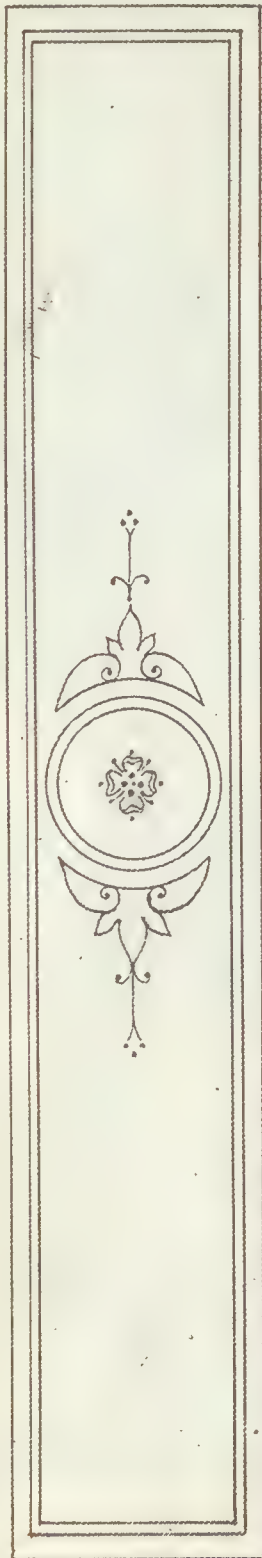
### AT A GOVERNMENT-CONTROLLED FACTORY: A WOMAN WORKER "SLOGGING" BOOTS; "WAR BOOTS."

It is estimated that the Government-controlled boot-manufacturing establishments should, by means of the very up-to-date machinery and mechanical appliances available at the principal centres of the industry in England, turn out upwards of two million pairs of "war boots" a month. The somewhat cumbersome and long-winded term of "Government controlled war-boots" is stated to be the general designation adopted,

which has taken the place of the earlier official designation, "standard boots," which for one reason or another was found unsuitable. The boots are well and carefully made, and cut as "smartly" as circumstances permit, and also are well finished. Many extra women and girls, as well as discharged wounded soldiers, are being employed in the factories.—[Photos. by Illustrations Bureau.]



# “Grappling in the Central Blue”: Aeroplanes v. Kite-Balloons



## THE VULNERABILITY OF THE KITE-BALLOON, AND ITS OCCUPANT'S MEANS OF ESCAPE: TWO "SAUCISSES" DESTROYED BY

The captive kite-balloon (or *saucisse*, as the French nickname them) is naturally vulnerable, and stands but little chance against hostile aeroplanes. It depends for its safety on the extent to which its own side possesses the mastery of the air. The above illustration, which is from an exhibition of war drawings now on view in Paris, shows the perils to which kite-balloons are subjected. Two of them are seen in the picture on the opposite side. The kite-balloon on the right is seen making his escape.



: Aeroplanes v. Kite-Balloons—One Phase of Aerial Warfare.



S OF ESCAPE: TWO "BISSES" DESTROYED BY AEROPLANES, AND AN OBSERVER DESCENDING FROM ONE BY PARACHUTE.  
Two of them are seen in process of destruction by a squadron of aeroplanes, one of which is flying between them, firing on either side. The kite-balloon on the left is already consumed by the flames. That on the right is just beginning to burn, and the observer is seen making his escape by means of a parachute—a difficult and perilous operation.—[French Official Photograph].





## During Action on the Western front: A Captured German Blockhouse



FOR THE TIME BEING, RENDERING US USEFUL SERVICE AS A DRESSING-STATION

The illustration shows one of the German bombproof-roofed blockhouses, built with thick slabs and blocks of concrete, reinforced and strutted together within with steel bars, so as to be, as the enemy vainly hoped, able to withstand artillery pounding, and prove impregnable to infantry attacks at close quarters. They have, however, proved as much a failure, from

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# : A Captured German Blockhouse as a Red-Cross Advanced Post.



VICE AS A DRESSING-STATION  
and blocks of concrete, reinforced with steel, and able to withstand artillery fire. It proved as much a failure, from all accounts, as were the smaller "pill-boxes," which the blockhouses were intended to support. The blockhouse is seen in possession of our infantry, as it was taken, in spite of its having up to then escaped serious harm from our shells. Some of these dropped very close to it apparently, as is evidenced by the shell-craters in the foreground.—[Australian Official Photograph.]



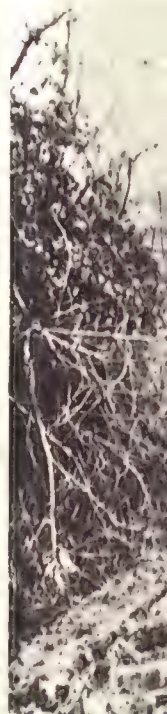
# On the Scene of Very Severe fighting.



## ON THE WAY TO PASSCHENDAELE : TWO GERMAN BLOCKHOUSES CAPTURED ; AN UPSET GUN-LIMBER.

Two fortified German "strongholds," built as blockhouses, with thick walls loopholed, and posted to support one another with cross-fire while sweeping with the machine-guns and rifles of their garrisons the open ground in front, are shown in the upper illustration. The nearer one (left of the centre) was, as it would seem from its comparatively little damaged state, taken in an infantry

attack, although before that our shells had made havoc of the surroundings, and left big craters close by. The supporting blockhouse is to the right, towards the background a hundred yards or so off. The lower photograph was taken on a battlefield road on a spur of the Passchendaele Ridge stormed after a hard fight.—[Australian Official Photographs.]



## BATTLEFIELD

Between them, these readers in a special able difficulties again and our gallant Fre battlefield after batt Everywhere the open



# The Ground Our Men in Flanders Fight Over.



BATTLEFIELD AND ROAD: PACK-MULES CROSSING WHERE INFANTRY WADED; EXHAUSTED.

Between them, these two illustrations will help to visualise for our readers in a specially impressive way the apparently almost insuperable difficulties against which our soldiers on the Western Front—and our gallant French allies as well—struggle while fighting across battlefield after battlefield, gaining ground at each fierce "push." Everywhere the open ground is a swamp, a half-submerged morass,

seamed with muddy water channels and overspread with a network of shell-craters, deep pools, and ponds, in which, as recorded, the men at places wade "up to the waist, even to the shoulders." The roads are knee-deep mud, through which artillery and transport vehicles have to churn their way, while the horses flounder through, and but too often come down hopelessly.—[Australian Official Photographs.]

UPSET GUN-LIMBER.  
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dred yards or so off. The  
road on a spur of the Pas-  
fight.—[Australian Official



## THE NEW WARRIORS: VI.—THE LORD OF UNSUSPECTED DEATH.

IN certain ways the "Sniper Officer" is the Grand Master and Gilt-Edged Diploma of Specialists. He may have been nothing in particular before the war; just about now he is Everything in General. One Sniper Officer I know, a modest Scotsman with a lethal eye, tells me he is going to write a book of one page after the war; it will be called "The Things a Sniping Officer is Not Expected to Know or Do." He'd write the book now, but he has a hard task gathering facts.

The Sniper Officer (call him "Intelligence and Sniping Officer"—it is official, and he likes it) starts accidentally. One day in a moment of innocence he goes to his Company Officer and says that the anaemic laburnum opposite the fifth bay has sprouted two new branches and seven reputable leaves during the night. He considers the fact sinister. The Company bloke murmurs interiorly, "Bright lad. Observant!"

He says outwardly, "I have a laburnum that grew eight leaves and a bud in a night. Nothing to brag about, Pontius. Still, if you like worry—can you shoot any?" Pontius shoots some. The extra branches of the laburnum detach themselves violently—periscopes and sniper's helmets and telescopic sights—and a large Hun, mixed up with leaves, falls, withers, and dies. . . .

Pontius goes off and does a course.

He goes back to the Palatial

Places of the rear, to a spot where all that are great and wise of the *shikaris* of subtle, cunning, and unexpected death teach the young and

willing how to hide behind a sunbeam and shoot a Fritz round the angle of a wall. They are quiet men, and deadly expert of their kind. They have hunted big game in the places where the

smell of a man, or the crack of a twig, or a pair of leggings, the wrong colour for the stalking-place, means death. There are men who have stalked deer, and others who have shot feather and fur under all modes of intricacy. There are others who have shot Huns with an uncanny brilliancy that has terrorised Divisions. They have learnt on the knife-edge of death all the moves in the game, and Pontius learns from them.

He learns all about concealment; he learns all about the detection of concealment. He learns all about the rifle, and discovers it has a soul as well as a safety-catch. He learns about telescopic sights, and the use of field-glasses and the most major kind of telescope. He learns about maps,

how to plot out an area, and to pin down a Hun snaphooter he cannot see and will never see, though he sends him to glory with dropping or grenade fire.

He learns something about bombs. He learns how to stalk, how to get up to Boche trenches and into them, how to map out sectors of line, and how to observe. Particularly he learns how to observe. For that reason the blessed word "Intelligence" is tacked on to his otherwise slaughterous name.

He learns, and in due

time he can learn no more. He goes back to battalion or brigade, and he has a squad of some twenty other hardened pickers-off of Huns put

(Continued overleaf.)



MAKING USE OF RUINS: TOMMY FINDS SHELTER UNDER A ROOF OF A SHATTERED BUILDING.

Official Photograph.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A DESERTED SNIPER'S POST IN A TREE.

Australian Official Photograph.



### AT BRYAN

The King and Queen, motored to Bow on the among the match-girls. The royal party went and workers' dining-room method of making ma



## DEATH.

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[Continued overleaf.]

## The King and Queen Visit the Bow Match-Girls.



## AT BRYANT AND MAY'S: GOING THROUGH THE YARDS; TREE-TRUNKS FOR MATCHWOOD.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary and Prince Albert, motored to Bow on the afternoon of October 30, and spent two hours among the match-girl workers at Messrs. Bryant and May's factory. The royal party went through most of the departments, and the staff and workers' dining-rooms, and after that witnessed the entire modern method of making matches, from the outset to finish. In the dining-

room the Queen carefully examined the menus of the meals provided. Their Majesties, in going round, made special inquiries as to the health and work conditions of the employees, who at the present are women and girls, owing to all the eligible men in the firm's employ having joined the colours. Their Majesties are indefatigable in learning details of the daily life of workers.—[Photos. by C.N.]



under him. With these he is to do dirty work along the Hun line.

Work is a good word. There is such a lot of it. He is not merely there to do a little killing; he is there to help others on with that good work. His eagle eye has to be on the enemy all the time. Does a German put an extra bag on top of his parapet, he suspects the worst. If he doesn't knock that extra bag silly with a few well-placed rifle-grenades, he keeps it well under observation, so that, if it develops devil, the Trench-Mortar pundit can be exactly informed and a strafe initiated.

He has to keep up to date in the positions of German searchlights, and German machine-gun posts, trench-mortar emplacements, and sniper-posts. If he sees bags of blue clay arriving on the parapet, he has to send a minute to the tunnelling officer that Fritz is digging deep in the Flanders sub-soil somewhere, and it is wise to look out. If he sees gun-flashes, he reports them (and he is there to see things). If he sees newly dug earth, he reports it. If trees, the other side of the German line, one night transfer themselves from E.S.E. of Bay 31 and shift to due east of that position, he reports that. The Hun moves trees frequently, but he doesn't do it for sport. If fresh wire blooms in the night, he goes across some odd time and inspects said wire, and, if necessary, takes a specimen or two for the analysis of H.Q. There are a variety of wires, and any ordinary Sniper

it; and possibly he has to strafe, snipe, or eradicate same, in due order.

The map of the enemy land is in his head. A new F.O.O. arrives; the Sniper Officer informs him of all the targets the best people shell. He



OUTSIDE AN ADVANCED DRESSING-STATION: A GAS-GONG HUNG BETWEEN TWO FLAG-POLES—THE GAS-SENTRIES HAVING A QUIET CHAT.—[Official Photograph.]

supplies the same information to any wandering Trench-Mortar Ancient Mariner who wishes to employ his little Stokes gun. If there is going to be an attack, he reconnoitres and maps out the ground over which the attack is to press. He also indicates all the snags and pitfalls. He also, as his name suggests, does some sniping.

He has his men so trained that they can pick off a penny-piece at fifty yards with a snap shot. He sees that those men are best disposed to cause annoyance. He is great on enfilades and command positions; and, for purposes of attack, he teaches his lads how to stalk and worm and glide round flanks and between ranks, so as to gall and startle the defence by fire from the flank and rear. He teaches them how to deal with the Hun sniper. If the sniper cannot be located, the Sniper Officer takes the direction and bearing of his bullets, and works out his position on the map. The good sniper has the patience of a good hunter. He will have his man covered, but until he is certain that his bullet is going to kill he does not loose. He will let the German fire a score of shots rather than scare him to no effect. But the waiting is infinitely worth

while. Patience wins. One day the German is a little careless—he exposes himself just the "bit more" the Britisher needs. That is the end of Fritz.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



ADVERTISING THEIR SHOW: "THE TONICS" BILL-POSTING ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—[Official Photograph.]

Officer has gashed his hands on all of them. If there is any movement or change, or any pronounced "nothing in particular," he is there to note, investigate, and write a minute about



#### THE ENEMY

It is interesting to German trenches, by the men. Some comrade at the end the parapet toward smoke of shell-fire.



## A French Drawing of German Trenches.

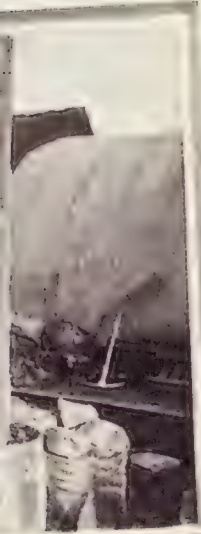


### THE ENEMY AS PICTURED BY OUR FRENCH ALLIES: A DRAWING FROM A PARIS EXHIBITION.

It is interesting to see, in the above illustration, a French view of German trenches, identified as such by the shape of the helmets worn by the men. Some of them, it will be noted, are attending to a wounded comrade at the entrance to a dug-out, while others are looking over the parapet towards the Allied lines. In the background is seen the smoke of shell-fire. The drawing is one of a number now on view at an

exhibition in Paris, devoted to various aspects of the war. From the same exhibition come two other drawings reproduced in this issue, on double pages, one showing the burning of the Cloth Hall at Ypres, and the other, the destruction of two kite-balloons by aeroplanes. They vividly reproduce two terrible scenes those who were there will never forget.—[French Official Photograph.]

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W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



## The Japanese Mission to the United States.



### AT GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB: VISCOUNT ISHI ENTERING THE MAUSOLEUM TO PLACE A WREATH.

Just as Great Britain, France, and Italy, in turn, have done, Japan, as a member of the Grand Alliance of the Nations against Prussianism, sent a special mission of distinguished personages to the United States, in order to confer and exchange views with President Wilson's Government, and to offer the Imperial congratulations to America on her taking part in the Great War of World Freedom. The Japanese Mission

was headed by Viscount Ishi, one of Japan's foremost statesmen, and its reception in New York, particularly, was marked with the utmost popular enthusiasm. Speaking at a banquet, given in honour of the mission in New York, Viscount Ishi said: "We are neighbours, friends, and Allies. There is no Pacific Ocean question between us now. We will co-operate, we will help!"—[Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.]

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PLACE A WREATH.

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## The Japanese Mission to the United States.



AT WASHINGTON: THE WASHINGTON ARCH DISPLAYING THE NATIONAL BADGE OF JAPAN.

Speaking of the reception of the Japanese Mission in America, the "Times" correspondent said this: "The Japanese have been fêted with a fervour which leaves no doubt of the feeling of Eastern America about the relations of the two countries. New York fairly outshone itself in the endeavour to give fitting decorative accompaniment to the occasion. . . . Since the Coronation festivities in London, I have

nowhere witnessed decorative schemes so artistic and impressive. The chief New York thoroughfares have been ablaze with light and flags." On the night of the Japanese banquet, "the streets were lined with tens of thousands of people, all waving the Japanese colours, and giving to the scene the illusion of endless fields of gracefully swaying red flowers."—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]





## The Bond of Sacrifice between Britain and France: British Trib



A SOLDIERLY TRIBUTE TO HEROIC ALLIES: BRITISH MOUNTED MEN SALUTING

The war has bound Britain and France together by indissoluble ties. Between the two nations henceforward there will ever exist a bond of sacrifice, of blood shed together in the common cause of right and freedom. This feeling is naturally intensified in the French and British Armies, which have learnt to understand and appreciate each other's fighting qualities.

GRAVES OF FRENCHMEN

Throughout the war there have been many heroic Allies, not only in the French and British Armies, but in the other Allied nations, as a testimony to the regard with which they are held by the British people.



and France: A British Tribute of Respect to fallen French Comrades.



OUNTED MEN SALUTING

GRAVES OF FRENCHMEN KILLED NEAR BARLEUX AND BURIED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

henceforward there will ever  
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each other's fighting qualities.

Throughout the war there has been the closest comradeship and the best of goodwill between our own troops and those of our heroic Allies, not only in the higher commands, but also in the ranks. Such a photograph as that reproduced here bears testimony to the regard which British soldiers feel for their French comrades and brothers-in-arms.—[French Official Photograph.]



## WOMEN AND THE WAR.

THE energy and enthusiasm with which Italian women have thrown themselves into war-work of every description is the more remarkable when one remembers that their interest in national affairs is something that dates back only a few years. It was not that Italian women were unpatriotic. But it was generally held that their proper sphere was the home, and the women were content to exercise their influence through domestic channels.

But war is no respecter of persons, nor of traditions. Conventions which bound women in peace time have yielded to the stern necessity that demands sacrifice and service from men and women alike. It is not only the women of England who have been splendid. Feminine Italy has met the demands made upon it with the same selfless enthusiasm that has been shown by women of the allied nations. From the highest to the lowest, Italian women are bent on winning the war, and consider no sacrifice too great, no service too trivial, that may help to hasten that end.

At their head stands the Queen, who has given a practical lead by herself undertaking the duties of a nurse. Example is worth much, and no doubt her Majesty's action in turning part of her palace into a hospital has stimulated hundreds of others who might otherwise have held back from what is, after all, arduous and not always pleasant work.

Experience has taught us the enormous

variety of the activities that come under the heading of war-work. One of the most original forms is probably that carried on by an Italian lady who prefers to remain anonymous, and who, amongst other things, has started a work in Florence which, though it costs nothing to carry on, is enormously appreciated by the men it is designed to benefit. The workers are invited to bring as many newspapers as they can collect.

These are pasted together, and finally modelled into food-cosies that are used to keep the food warm during its journey from the field-kitchens to the men. The commissariat problem for an army in the field is never an easy one to solve. In Italy, owing to the nature of the country, both the transport difficulties and the distances are increased, so that the provision of hot meals becomes more difficult than ever. In consequence, the cosies supply a very real want. The making of paper gaiters is another work that is due to the energy and originality of the same lady. The mountainous character of the battle

area and the intense cold make everything that tends to additional warmth doubly welcome.

However, paper activity does not represent the sum-total of this unknown lady's work. Like England, Italy depended largely upon Germany for her toy supply. Like England, she has decided that things shall be different in future, and a flourishing toy industry has already been

(Continued overleaf.)



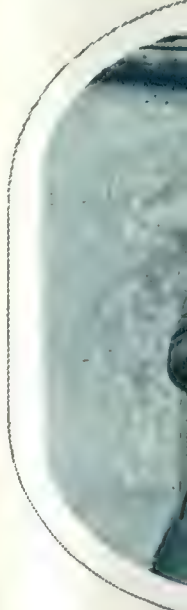
A VETERINARY HOSPITAL RUN BY WOMEN: AT MESSRS. McNAMARA'S IN NORTH LONDON—GIVING A PHYSIC-BALL.

Among many others, the whole of the horses used by the G.P.O. pass through the hands of women before they appear on London streets, drawing the familiar red vans.

Official Photograph.



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AT THE V

A glimpse at one of the occupations of our legions. Illustrations on this page show work in London at an institution which has hospital requisites and



## Women War-Workers Making Hospital Requisites.



AT THE WAR HOSPITAL SUPPLY DEPÔT FACTORY, KENSINGTON: A WELDER, AT A FORGE.

A glimpse at one of the manifold and multiplex activities and forms of occupation of our legions of women war-workers is given in the two illustrations on this page. The place where the two women shown are at work is in London—at the War Hospital Supply Depôt, Kensington, an institution which has developed into a specialised factory in which hospital requisites and appliances of almost every kind are made for

the medical services of the Army. All the work is done by women—even, as seen here, welding and forging. In the upper illustration, a woman welder is seen at work with gloved hands, in consequence of the intense heat during the process, and with dark glass goggles on because of the blinding glare of the flame. But they accept the conditions without complaint.—[Photo. by L.N.A.]

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started at Milan by the benefactress, who prefers to be nameless. This industry has a rather special and pathetic interest, for numbers of the employees are wounded soldiers, not a few of whom have lost an arm, who are being taught to overcome their handicap and to feel themselves of use in the world once more.

To the same woman is due the existence of an organisation that aims at providing the armies with woollen underclothing in the form of an all-enveloping under-garment with legs and feet complete, to interpose between themselves and the intense cold in which most of their operations have to be carried on. The provision of literature for the men at the front completes her list of good works.

Daily casualty lists, which form the saddest records of the war, are not published by the Italian Government, though relatives of men killed or wounded are notified of the fact. News as to the subsequent progress of the injured ones would be almost impossible to obtain if it were not for the exertions of a well-known Countess, who has started a bureau with the express object of notifying the fate of the wounded or missing to their anxious friends and relations. The work

Duse. It is interesting to know that this great actress has now fitted out a theatre of her own not far from the front lines, where, helped by other members of the profession, she organises dramatic performances and lectures for the benefit of such troops as can find time to attend them.



A VETERINARY HOSPITAL RUN BY WOMEN: GROOMING HORSES.  
*Official Photograph.*

Her own energies are devoted chiefly to teaching the more ignorant amongst her audience exactly what they are fighting for—a fact of which not a few of the Italian mountain troops are wholly ignorant. But Signora Duse has a knack of making herself understood, and her “lessons” on the why and the wherefore of the war, and the meaning of and necessity for patriotism, are appreciated both by audiences and authorities.

Then there are the war orphans. Their wants have been forestalled by a sympathetic philanthropist whose zeal for the fighting men has induced her to start a home for the children of those who fall in battle. To raise the necessary money to carry on the enterprise is not an easy matter, and the plan is pursued of persuading others to adopt, or at least pay for the expenses of, one or more children.

No mention of what women in Italy are doing to help their country would be complete without a reference to Lady Rodd, wife of our Ambassador in Rome, whose untiring efforts on behalf of the Red Cross and other charitable activities have done much to cement sympathy and friendship between Italy and England.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.



A VETERINARY HOSPITAL RUN BY WOMEN: UNLOADING A FORAGE-VAN.  
*Official Photograph.*

involved is enormous, and increases each day the war lasts; and a never-ending stream of inquiries is the best possible evidence of how widely the efforts of the Countess and her friends are appreciated by those most concerned.

Many people in England have seen Signora

#### HARRY LAUDER

Harry Lauder has taken the cause of the Allies. In the "Army," he organises North, and many a soldier and elsewhere was seen. He has given a son to



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CLAUDINE CLEVE.

## from the first a Stout-Hearted War-Worker.



HARRY LAUDER IN NEW YORK: ADDRESSING A STREET CROWD ON BEHALF OF THE LIBERTY LOAN.

Harry Lauder has throughout the war done yeoman service for the cause of the Allies. In the days of the first raising of the "Kitchener Army," he organised a Scottish musicians' band for touring in the North, and many a sturdy North Country lad now fighting in Flanders and elsewhere was so led to place his services at the nation's disposal. He has given a son to the Roll of Honour, indomitably meanwhile going

on with his work for the country, by utilising his special talent for the cause. In London, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, he did his "bit" in his own way to help on the national war loans. Like in the British Isles and across the Atlantic Harry Lauder has not slackened his energies, and he is seen here addressing New Yorkers outside the Sub-Treasury, New York, on behalf of the Liberty Loan.—[Photo. Newspaper Illus.]



## THE GREAT WAR.

**SCANTY NEWS FROM RUSSIA—NAVAL QUESTIONS—BEERSHEBA CAPTURED—THE EAST AFRICAN DRIVE—THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLORSHIP FARCE.**

ALMOST complete silence descended on the Russian front during the period covered by these notes. The German withdrawal on the Riga front was understood to continue, but the whole movement was "wropt in mistry." The enemy had abandoned the Verder Peninsula, burnt a manor, and appropriated stores of provisions. In the Southern Carpathians Austrian troops attempted to fraternise with Russians, but were answered and dispersed by cannon. Of political

unsuccessfully attacked, one—as against seven. Many questions have been asked as to the efficiency of our Naval Policy, as regards the mastering of submarines, and the apparent inaction of the Grand Fleet. Official defences show huge undertakings successfully carried through, and that is so far reassuring; but the question of strategy as distinct from administration has been widely canvassed, and is likely to lead to further inquiry.



ON THE PALESTINE LINES OF COMMUNICATION: YEOMANRY RESTING AT EL ARISH.—[Official Photograph.]

news, the only notable detail was that M. Kerensky had issued an order prohibiting the infliction of the death penalty at the front. Scanty news may not, however, mean that there is "nothing doing." That assumption, too rashly made in certain quarters, is said to have caused great irritation in Russia. On the contrary, it is asserted that the army is still in fighting form, and is holding the line firmly in good strength.

Naval intelligence, beyond the sinking of an American vessel by a U-boat in the Mediterranean, was confined to the weekly returns of losses by submarine attacks. Sinkings of both large and small vessels had decreased by three and four respectively; fishing-vessels, nil (no change);

After long obscurity, the Palestine Front came once more into the limelight. On Oct. 28 the Turks claim to have inflicted a severe check on the British. The facts, as given later by General Allenby, were that a line of cavalry posts was attacked by 3000 Turks, with twelve guns. The British Force, London Yeomanry, was cutnumbered and enveloped on both flanks, but held its ground with great gallantry for six hours until help arrived. The Turks charged repeatedly, and gained a little ground at heavy cost. Not quite a victory. But this affair was the prelude to something better. On Oct. 31, the British, after a night march, attacked Beersheba. While the infantry assaulted from the west, cavalry made a

[Continued on page 40.]



### A CHILD

To safeguard small children, common-sense precautions are taken where little ones are concerned and arrangements are made for children there immediately. Margaret McMillan, C.



## The Protection of Small Children during Air-Raids.



A CHILDREN'S DUG-OUT IN LONDON: LITTLE ONES REHEARSING AT THE ENTRANCE.

To safeguard small children during day-time air-raids, as a matter of common-sense precaution at some hospitals and institutions in London where little ones are concentrated, bomb-proof dug-outs have been prepared and arrangements made, for rapidly conducting and transferring children there immediately on a "Take Cover" warning. Miss Margaret McMillan, C.B.E., is seen in the upper illustration at a certain

institution leading a train of small children to a very safe dug-out. The tiny ones, who regard it as a game, are seen holding on to each other's skirts and pinafores as they follow their leader. Nurses carry down the infants in arms. The children are shown in the lower illustration at the entrance to the dug-out, or "smugglers' cave" as larger youngsters call the place.—[Photos. by G.P.U.]

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[Official Photograph.]

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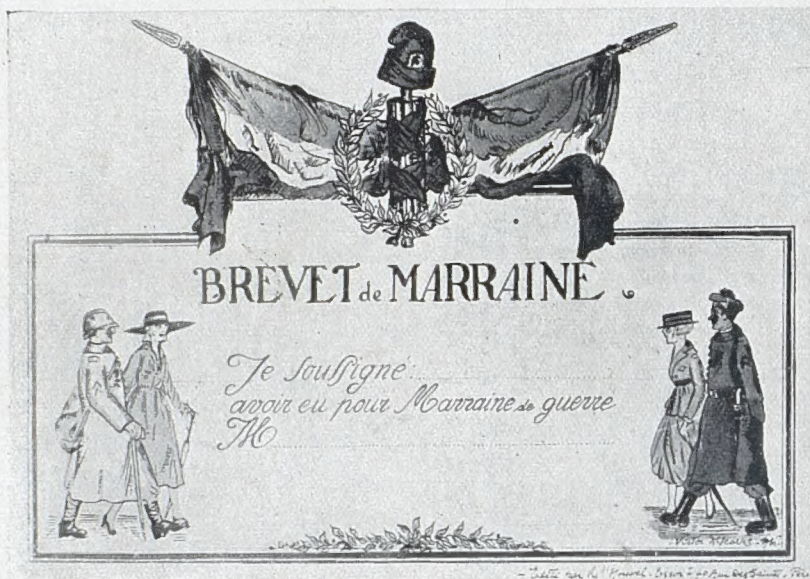
wide turning movement through the desert and approached the town from the east. A fierce fight raged all day, but in the evening the British occupied the place. A second highly important success has been scored at Gaza.

In East Africa the round-up takes its normal course. Li wei was occupied on Oct. 28, and the pressure of the enemy to the east of Mahenge was steadily continued. The enemy's recent losses number over 1500.

Brazil has taken active measures following her declaration of war. A telegraphic censorship has been established, and troops have been moved to Paso Centurion to watch the German colony in the State of Rio Grande. President Wilson telegraphed to welcome Brazil into the company of the Allies.

As was a foregone conclusion, Herr Michaelis had had to join the company of ex-Imperial Chancellors. He is now with Bismarck, Caprivi, Hohenlohe, and Bethmann-Hollweg. The uneasy seat has a new and unexpected occupant.

A curious game of see-saw seems to have been going on. The first news of his being in the running roused a section of the Prussian Press, notably the organs controlled by Krupp. He



FOR THE GODMOTHERS OF POILUS: A BREVET SOLD IN FRANCE.

The card reads: "Brevet de marraine. I, the undersigned, have had for war-godmother ———." [French Official.]

had things against him. He is a Bavarian; he does not desire to see Alsace-Lorraine made a Federal State; he opposes all forms of Parliamentary Government.

It is said that the game among certain worthies at Potsdam was to put forward a list of impossible conditions until the Kaiser's patience was at an end. Then, hey presto, conjure up — Bethmann once more, and the trick is done! It may have been a canard, but it was amusing. Another dummy "on the cards" was Herr Former - Food-Direktor Batocki, who would not survive a night. Gilbert, in a famous song, described a state in which Dukes were "three-a-penny." Very soon Imperial Chancellors will not command even that modest price. Signs of "rot" in Germany must not be too eagerly seized upon, but this sorry business of the Chancellors does

not point to a healthy state of affairs. We may perhaps see new developments again shortly.

LONDON: Nov. 3, 1917.



ON THE RETURN FROM THE TRENCHES: CARING FOR THE FEET OF SOME AUSTRALIANS.—[Australasian Official.]

Baron von Hertling, a former Prime Minister of Bavaria, has, after apparently a good deal of imperial negotiation, been definitely appointed.